



MONTEREY NEWS

AUGUST 1988



TOWN NEWS

New Roof for Monterey Schoolhouse

The Southern Berkshire Regional School District has accepted a bid from Titan Roofing of Chicopee for \$25,575 to remove the roof of the building housing the Monterey Kindergarten, pull the sides of the building together and construct a new roof. The deadline for completion of the project is September 2. School starts on September 7.

Michael Kinne, representing the administration of SBRSD, offered the contract, there being no regular school committee meetings until fall. Ordinarily, the school committee handles such matters.

The money for the project was not budgeted by the school district, and Mr. Kinne said he will be talking to the Monterey Selectmen soon to get further clarification about the shared responsibility of Town and school to cover costs. Before the removal of the Monterey Town offices from the building, the operating costs were shared 60%/40% by school and Town respectively. The Town of Monterey has title to the building. In other Southern Berkshire towns with one- or two-room school buildings (Egremont, Alford), all operating and capital expenses are borne by the school district. The building in Monterey has not been exclusively used by the school, and the excess weight of office equipment and people on the second floor necessitated the present structural repairs.

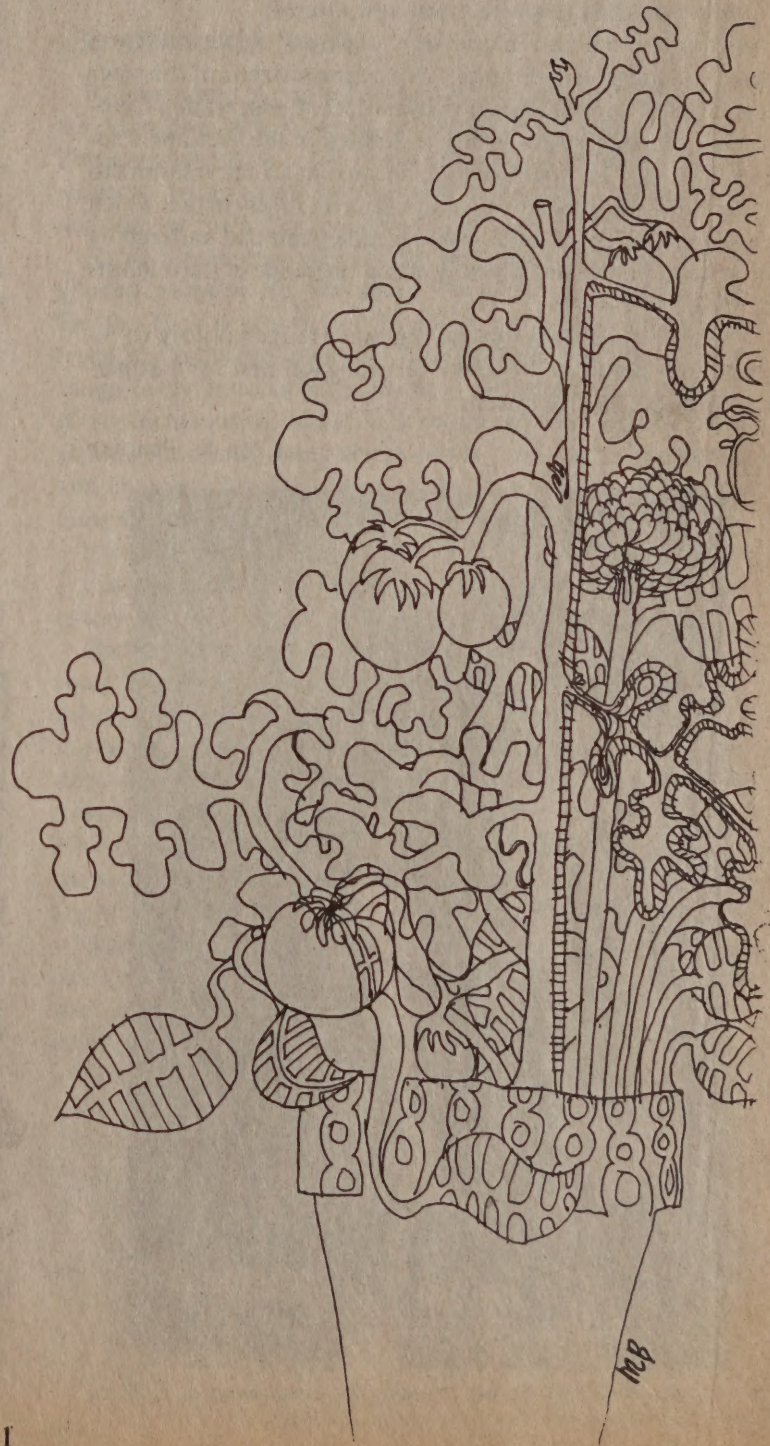
After Selectmen and school district officials agree on a distribution of costs, there will likely be a special Town Meeting for voters to approve Monterey's share of the expense.

Local Well Contaminated by Salt

On May 2, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Vickerman appeared at the regular Selectmen's meeting to report that the spring which supplies water to their house is contaminated by salt. The couple decided to have the well tested after having experienced heart problems over the last several years. They were advised by the laboratory personnel at Fairview Hospital that the sodium content of the water was dangerously high and that they should stop drinking it. They have been buying their drinking water ever since.

The Vickermans theorize that it was years of runoff from heavily salted Town roads that eventually loaded their spring with sodium. A culvert under Route 23, now plugged with silt, used to carry water under the road and into a ditch which ran alongside the Vickermans' garden and then by their well.

The Monterey Board of Health has taken a sample of the well water and sent it to Berkshire Envirolabs for testing. Board of Health Chairman Matt Williams says the lab is running about three months behind in producing test results, and therefore no figures are in yet from that sample. When all results are in,



the Vickermans and the Selectmen will meet to discuss what can be done.

In a phone conversation June 20, Mrs. Vickerman said their main purpose in bringing the situation to the attention of the Selectmen was to make townspeople aware of the negative effects of some aspects of winter road maintenance, so that thought might be given to alternative methods.

Glenn Heller's Appeal Needs Clarification

The Monterey Conservation Commission (MCC) received a copy of a letter sent to Glenn Heller by the Department of Environmental Quality Engineering regarding his appeal of the Order of Conditions issued by the MCC to the Town of Monterey governing its proposed public boat access to Lake Garfield. The Department requested that Heller clarify how he may consider himself an aggrieved party as well as how the Order of Conditions written by the Monterey Conservation Commission fails to protect wetland interests.

Owners of the land in question, abutters, applicants for a project, "aggrieved persons," or any ten citizens of the town have a right to appeal an action by the local Conservation Commission. An aggrieved person is defined in the Wetland Protection Act as "any person who, because of an act or failure to act by the issuing authority, may suffer an injury in fact which is different either in kind or magnitude from that suffered by the general public and which is within the scope of the interests identified in the Act."

The letter concludes by saying that Heller's failure to respond may result in the dismissal of his Request for a Superseding Order of Conditions.

— Ellen K. Pearson



Jan, Joshua, Cliff, and Ariana Aerie at the installation of Cliff as Pastor of the Monterey United Church of Christ



MONTEREY UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST SUNDAY WORSHIP CELEBRATION, 10:00 a.m.

Exciting things are happening at the Monterey Church. On Sunday morning, August 14 (10:00 a.m.), our worship celebration will feature the Milestones Jazz Ensemble as part of the Monterey Arts Festival weekend. If you have never experienced a jazz liturgy before you're in for a special treat. Norman J. O'Connor, former director of the Newport Jazz Festival, once said:

If people can't pray with all their talents involved, then their prayer will eventually end in dissatisfaction . . . Jazz knows no other ritual than that of freedom, and therefore it looks at prayer as a natural ally and feels no inferiority about its attitude since the roots of jazz are deeply embedded in religious actions and song.

On Saturday, August 27 (7:30 p.m.), Anson Olds will present his Album Release Concert—"Safe to Dream"—in the sanctuary. The proceeds will benefit the Monterey Fire Company and the Church. The Sunday before (August 21, 10:00 a.m.), Anson will be singing in church as part of our affirmation of children in worship. As always, all children are welcome to participate in our Sunday morning celebration. Our "Children's Corner" allows them to be part of our church family in a special way.

The Spirit in our Church continues to grow as we look to the future. I have become increasingly aware of the important role of our church in the Monterey community. Over the years many significant events have taken place here, and today various groups continue to hold their meetings and events in our facilities.

Our church has been able to offer many things to the community. However, one thing it has NOT been able to offer is an adequate rest room. That is about to change, for the better. I encourage you to read Leslie Gile's article in this issue, outlining our progress and letting you know how you can help to make this need become a reality.

Finally, a word of thanks to the many people who shared their talents and attended my Celebration of Installation. It was a special day for me, our church and our community. The Spirit is contagious. Come share it with us!

— Cliff Aerie

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ARTS COUNCIL NEWS

By now many of you will have received your invitation from the Monterey Arts Council announcing the 1988 Monterey Festival of the Arts . . . so this is not news at all but just a little reminder to set aside the weekend of August 12, 13, and 14 and join us for a celebration of ART and JAZZ!!!

As with previous festivals the weekend's activities will be divided between the Monterey Firehouse and Rock Ridge Estate. They begin at 7:00 Friday evening with an opening reception at the firehouse for all the exhibiting artists. To keep things lively, musical entertainment will be provided by some of our local musicians, Jason Brown on piano, Chris Bakriges also on the piano, John Myers, guitar, and, for some moving and shaking, The Berkshire All Stars jazz band with Arnie Hayes and Joan Boyer. Light refreshments will be served.

Saturday's activities will begin around 11:30 at Rock Ridge and are intended to be a great big picnic with music and other entertainment.

On the program are: The Royal Garden Jazz Band with some Dixieland; The Kenny Barron Quartet, piano jazz virtuoso; Tiger's Baku, contemporary fusion band; and, for more moving and shaking, Thiago DeMello's "Amazon," a 14-piece Afro-Brazilian ensemble from New York City. Along with the music a variety of other entertainment and activities is being planned; the program is scheduled to last until 8:30 p.m., and though there will be a variety of foods available for sale you should pack a big lunch!

Sunday morning from 10:00 to 11:00 there will be a "Jazz Ecumenical Worship Service" at the United Church of Christ presided over by our new pastor, the Rev. Cliff Aerie, in a dual role as minister and musician.

The Art Exhibition in the Firehouse, with the work of our local painters, printmakers, photographers, sculptors, and craftspeople on display, will be open to the general public from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. on Saturday and from 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. on Sunday.

Inclusive tickets for both Friday evening's and Saturday's events are \$12.50; senior citizens and children 8 to 16 are \$7.50. Tickets will be available at the door; Friday evening only, \$5.00. Saturday, \$10.00. Senior citizens and children 8 to 16, half price.

Hope to see you all there !!!

— The Monterey Arts Council

MONTEREY LIBRARY NOTES

I must confess that I never expected that all of the library's summer programs would turn out as successfully as they have. The reading discussion series "Crime and the Cultural Landscape" is going very well and is attracting more and more people every time — 22 for the session on *The Maltese Falcon*. There is still time for new participants to join us — all you have to do is come to the library to borrow the books and show up for the discussions. The final two sessions will be on Monday, August 8, when Prof. Marion Copeland of Holyoke Community College will discuss *Shroud for a Nightingale* by P. D. James; and Monday, August 22, when Prof. Helen von Schmidt of Amherst College will discuss *Death in a Tenured Position* by Amanda Cross. Everyone is welcome; the programs begin at 7:00 p.m. in the library and are, of course, free.

The children's program on Greek mythology during July also went well. The children heard and read some of the myths, studied the mythological background to the constellations, and did some crafts. All the children I talked to seemed to have liked it, and seemed to have gotten a lot out of it.

The children's summer reading program "Supersleuth," is also in full swing. It is not too late for more children to participate, so come in to the library and sign up. The program helps children keep track of the books they read over the summer, and includes games and puzzles, all on the theme of "Supersleuth." The summer will conclude with a party for the participants.

The library is fairly buzzing with activity this summer; if you have not yet been involved in one of the programs, don't miss your chance!

— John Higgins
Chairman, Library Trustees

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&pp

MASSACHUSETTS
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PUBLIC POLICY
presents

LIBRARY READING and DISCUSSION PROGRAM

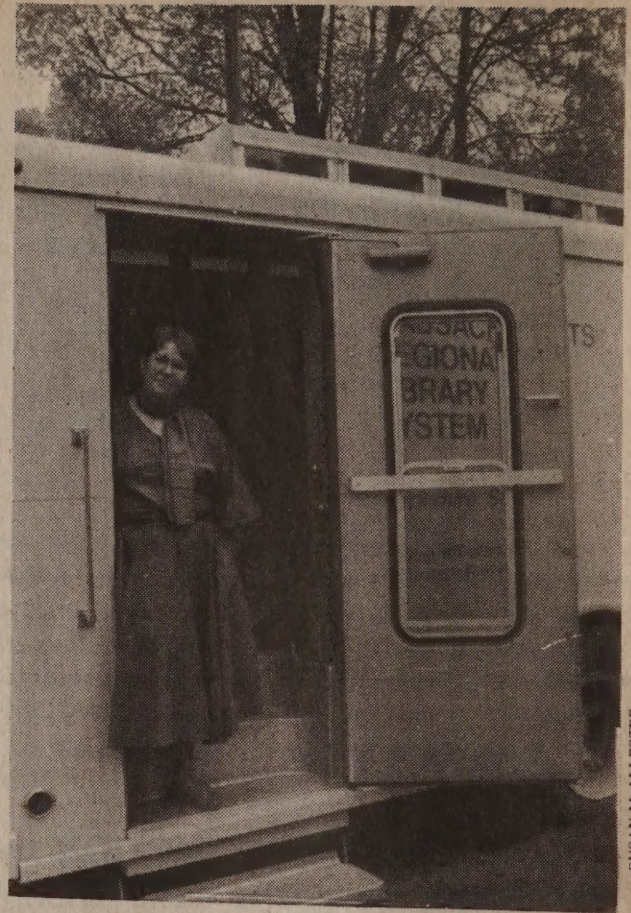
Topic: "Crime and the Cultural Landscape"

<i>The Maltese Falcon</i> , by Dashiell Hammett	July 11
<i>Bonecrack</i> , by Dick Francis	July 25
<i>Shroud for a Nightingale</i> , by P. D. James	August 8
<i>Death in a Tenured Position</i> , by Amanda Cross	August 22

MONTEREY LIBRARY, 7-9 p.m.

The programs are free and open to the public.
Funded by the Massachusetts Foundation for
Humanities and Public Policy

*Books are available at the Monterey Library.
There will be a guest scholar present at each of the programs.*



The Bookmobile comes to Monterey: Karen Klopfer, Regional Librarian

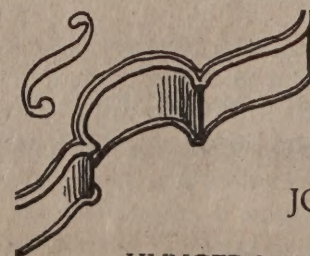
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VOX ED: Impressions of the Soviet Union

We were met with flowers and shown every courtesy by dignitaries of the Composers' Union, our hosts at the first U. S.-U. S. S. R. Conference in Ethnomusicology. Our fellow conferees were from all over that vast multi-lingual-cultural-racial conglomerate: professors, museologists, folklorists, ethnologists, musicologists, composers, journalists. There were Georgians, Latvians, an Estonian, a Yakut, a Kazak; they loaded us up with their books, their recordings, and other gifts so that we had to arrange a special mailing or we never would have got home with it all.

The scholarly sessions were intense, probing, and full of mutual appreciation. The Soviet delegation kept reminding us, kindly but firmly, that we Americans are a new country, relatively rootless, so we have an emphasis on studying *other* people's music and studying music in the present. They, on the other hand, go back to the Palaeolithic, ten thousand years ago, right where they are living now, and they would dearly like to be able to reconstruct their own music as it was in those first songs about the retreat of the glaciers.

What is it like in the Soviet Union? So many Americans are now traveling there for pleasure or business that these impressions are almost trite, but there are, indeed, differences. There is no graffiti or vandalism of any kind in the city parks or the gleaming Moscow subway. I wandered in safety at any time, anywhere, in the streets of Moscow and Leningrad or in the woods along the Baltic seacoast. People spot you instantly as a foreigner, but they respect your distance and don't try to catch your eye. I imagine they thought I was staring. But when I spoke to somebody, on any pretext, I found a friend and was warmly welcomed to Russia. On the other hand, the people at the counter in stores can be pretty brusque. The customer can be wrong, and they don't have to play up to you to keep their jobs. It is a revelation in human relations to be in a country where there is no unemployment.

Signs of *pyeryestroyka* (rebuilding) are everywhere. The Autonomous Republics are pushing for real autonomy, journalists are saying what they want to say (within limits), the

atheist leaders of the state met with the church fathers to celebrate 1,000 years of Christianity in Russia, I was meeting with fellow ethnomusicologists after 40 years of almost no contact, and we were talking about a joint expedition to get me acquainted with the tribal musics in Siberia.

In Leningrad, the little cruiser, *Aurora*, is anchored in the Neva River. She fired the shot to signal the taking of the Winter Palace and the overthrow of the Tsarist regime. She should have fired another when "Rebuilding" began: it is a revolution more profound than the first one, my expert Russian friends say.

— David P. McAllester

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The early crowd at the Town Beach

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

The idea was, see, to kind of sneak into the woods, quietly pry out the giant glacial erratics and iron ore to make a cellar hole, take only the trees right directly where the house will stand, and put the thing together post-and-beam style, using dovetail and mortise-and-tenon joints instead of a lot of noisy iron. That way, tearing up as little as possible, maybe we could move in as neighbors to the furry people already here, instead of as invaders.

It worked out pretty well. The beavers and muskrats paid no attention at all. The otters still ranged up and down the stream and ponds. Chipmunks, squirrels, birds—they all seemed to be overjoyed with all the new activity and the growing compost heap. Cleaning up some deadwood and muck around the pond made life a little easier for the newts, fish, and watersnakes. We sure felt ecologically moral.

Only thing was, where were the raccoons? Sure, every now and then there were some prints, maybe a more ambitious assault on the compost than, say, a skunk or stray cat would mount—but for six years no raccoon presented itself for on-site inspection. Strange, particularly since Raquel, our house raccoon, was obviously in residence.

The vacuum was filled one morning in early summer three years ago. When the kitchen door was opened, we heard a loud scrabble from a nearby white pine, and there, peeking at us from around the trunk, was this cross-eyed yearling daylight raccoon. After sizing us up for a spell, it climbed another sixty feet or so and sprawled among the crown branches. The lady of the house quick mustered up every goody known to be irresistible to raccoons, stationed herself under the tree, and within an hour actually had this boy (obvious by now) eating out of her hand. Later, she did admit to having felt slightly terrified at such forward behavior, and of course no one should be so chummy with a wild raccoon on the first date. This time the encounter worked out well. After filling up on good stuff, the little raccoon ambled off into the woods, leaving us to wonder when his next visit would be.

We didn't wonder long. That night, the kitchen doorbell rang. Someone at the back door at midnight? What awful news is this? Relieved at finding no one there, and assuming some freakish electrical gambit in the bell wiring, we were closing the door when the scrabble sounded again, this time from the gabled doorstep overhang. There he was, hanging halfway off this roof, making sure we saw him. We figure that he accidentally pushed the bell button on his way up. That's what we figure. What does such a young raccoon know about bell buttons? Anyway, that's how he became Captain Midnight. He turned out to have real officer potential. In the next few days he had invaded and inspected every corner of our house, brushing past Raquel, ignoring her outraged objections, lining up bivouac sites, foraging in cabinets for eats, and taking general inventory. Seems he also was advance man for the rest of the raccoons in the woods. We were setting out free lunch for about twenty raccoons within a week of the Captain's recon visit. Truly heartwarming.

The following year, Captain was fully grown and still very friendly but never came into the house again. Burly and handsome, we think he became the big daddy in these woods. Lots of the young ones showing up have his nifty crosseyed look.

A die-off among raccoons occurred last year, probably due

to epidemic distemper. Our visitors this year are fewer and timid. We can't be sure Captain Midnight is still here, but we'll remember him, joyfully, as the ambassador who brought us and the rest of these beautiful creatures together.

— David T. Balch



MONTEREY NEWS CARTOONIST DAVID T. BALCH

David T. Balch, creator of the punning raccoon cartoons which appear now and then in the *News*, and his wife Sheila came to the South Berkshire woods ten years ago when suburbia had come to Rockland County, New York. They wanted water as well as woods, and they found the place at the eastern end of Royal Pond, just over the line between Monterey and West Otis.

David was a civil engineer when he left suburbia. "So I came out of the Navy and said to my brother, who was an engineer, what shall I do with my G. I. bill money? And he said, 'Be an engineer. You'll always be able to earn a living.'" And David did, working at many well-known sites down the years while his two sons (who now have three children of their own) were growing up. He has also done excavating, been a tractor-trailer driver, a house builder, and other mostly outdoor jobs. But the woods by the pond are home, except for trips to Vermont for skiing and three or four winter months spent in their motor home in Florida.

Sheila is responsible for the handsome Alaskan malamute that we see ambling along Route 23 beside David's bicycle. The first Balch malamute was a puppy, acquired as a pet for the boys. Sheila began to breed malamutes with the kennel name Inuit. She is an American Kennel Club judge and has twice judged in world dog shows, most recently in Spain. The Balches no longer raise dogs, but their house dog goes out to stud and poses for dog food commercials, in addition to working out on the road with David.

David has had no formal art training, but he says he wishes he had. He does sculpture and painting as well as cartooning. Since he left Rockland County and engineering, he says, "my life is more direction free." He likes it that way.

— Susan McAllister

MONTEREY LAND TRUST NEWS

The Woodburn Farm Fund concert and contra-dance held at Rock Ridge was a very happy event.

We are grateful to Bill Crofut and the Mountain Laurel Band for their generous donation of time and talent. Together they were a perfect mix for a summer afternoon of music and dancing. Alice and Arthur Somers had Rock Ridge looking its splendid best and were their usual gracious selves in providing help with all the last-minute unanticipated necessities.

Also indispensable were the cookie makers, Pat Andrus, Ardelle Gile, Gould Farm, Cameron and Margaret Graham, Michèle Miller, Gige O'Connell, Debbie Rankin and especially Barbara Tryon, who not only made cookies but organized the food table and donated the super punch. Many thanks as well to Lamont Coleman, Tom Leet, Bob Rausch, Dominick Stucker, and Bill Thieriot for their able help in parking cars. And a big thanks to Janet Thieriot for collecting tickets, and to Donna Bartell for her spectacular signs.

And now to the nitty-gritty. We have raised nearly \$18,000 toward our goal of \$25,000 to date, and foresee no difficulty in meeting the State's suggested 10% within the next few weeks. **HOWEVER, WE NEED MORE TOWN FINANCIAL SUPPORT ON WHATEVER LEVEL.**

So far, including ticket sales to the concert, we have had only 127 contributions and pledges. Obviously, many of these were sizable and we appreciate and are (I am, at least) humbled by the heavy sacrifices that some of you have made to keep Woodburn Farm a farm. Shel Fenn heads the list.

So, if this is to be a real town-supported effort, more of you need to be involved. We hope that those of you who feel that it is important that Shel's application for APR is accepted, will consider a donation or pledge, however small, just to raise the level of support. We would like to be able to say that we have had at least 500 supporters. Please mail donations to MPLT, Box 195, Monterey 01245.

Meanwhile, we are now in the process of pushing Woodburn's application to the Commonwealth and plan to advance on Boston in the near future.

No date has been set for our annual meeting as yet. It will be sometime in August. We'll keep you posted.

— Joyce Scheffey



SUSAN McALLESTER

*Dancing at Rock Ridge on July 16 for the Woodburn Farm Fund:
Bob Volckhausen and young partner*

CHURCH APPEAL

The Monterey United Church of Christ Trustees wish to send an appeal to the citizens of Monterey and surrounding areas to help support us in our efforts to replace the existing, non-functioning bathroom facilities at the church with a tight tank disposal system engineered to state specifications. The system will cost between \$7,000 and \$10,000. This includes engineering costs already started, a 2,500-gallon holding tank, bathroom, pipes, meters, faucets, plumber's costs and electrician's costs. Ray Tryon has offered to place the tank with his large equipment at no cost to the church. This is a considerable savings to us.

If you would like to be a part of this endeavor, please send contributions to: The Monterey United Church of Christ, Box 182, Monterey, MA 01245.

Many thanks to Ray Ward for the many years of cleaning the present system. No one else would!

— Leslie Gile, Trustee

WANTED: VOLUNTEERS FOR PEACE MEETINGS IN CHURCH

Three or four people—summer or (preferably) full-time Monterey residents are needed to help organize one or more peace affairs in the Monterey Church. Please call and leave your name, address, and phone number at 528-1847 (Susan McAllester) or 528-4187 (Bernie Kleban). Or write to P.O. Box 141, Monterey, MA 01245.

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CRAYFISH

We have a small crayfish in our aquarium now. He is about 2½ inches long and has the most delicate legs and waving antennae. Also he is quite shy, though we've had him nearly a month.

When I was a child we had a Monterey crayfish in an aquarium, on the living room desk in our house in Connecticut. We fed it bits of hamburger from time to time, and it gratified us by creeping from its hiding place to gobble up the meat. This was done in a way which now suggests to me the action of a blender, though we didn't have one back then. The many little legs and mouthparts seemed to fly into action and the bit of beef was reduced to tiny shreds which swirled about in currents created by all the excitement. Some of the shreds made it to the inside of the crayfish. We had that one for years. Every now and then we thought it had died. One of us would find it in a crumpled heap on the bottom of the aquarium. Then, to our amazement, a second, brand-new crayfish would slide carefully out from behind the rocks, bigger and brighter than the old one.

This new crayfish was actually the same old one, of course, with a new exoskeleton or integument, or shell. Like other creatures with hard outer coverings, the crayfish undergoes a moult and writhes out of its old covering, which it leaves in a deflated pile. The new covering is soft at first and the vulnerable crayfish is likely to hide for a few days until it hardens up. Wriggling out of the old shell is said to be such a violent experience that sometimes the crayfish is killed by it, and often a leg or two is actually yanked off and left in the old shell. Also, though the new shell is as soft as wet paper, the body is in such a cramp from the exertion of moulting that it feels quite hard. After awhile the muscles relax and the crayfish goes into hiding while the new shell hardens.

We haven't yet seen anything quite this sensational in our aquarium, but when we first introduced our crayfish he was in a panic and went flipping around fast, backwards, using his strong tail. Our non-gold goldfish, Christmas, was understandably curious about her new roommate and swam over to investigate. Pow! She got the first bad experience of her whole life, a nasty nip to the nose. The crayfish has pinchers or pincers or forceps, or, in the lobster-eater's terminology, "big claws." These are used for offense, defense, and the grabbing of prey. Also they are used for fending off nosy goldfish. Now, I'm glad to say, Christmas and the crayfish have settled into a peaceful coexistence. When we observed that first pinch to the nose, our young daughters protested, showing their strong loyalty to the fish, and pleaded with us to put the crayfish back in the Konkapot Brook "right now!"

Our crayfish is a male, I think, because his tail is narrow. I haven't bothered him to examine his underside for the characteristic "styles" or curved swimmerets of the male crayfish. I don't see him often, except at night. If the living room is dark I can shine a flashlight in the aquarium and see his wonderful red eyeshine. He is usually busy working over the substrate with his four pairs of small legs. (On a lobster these are the ones that a lot of people don't bother to eat.)

As we watch our crayfish we wonder if these delicate legs, with their slim, red-tipped, scissor-like ends, might not be sensory organs as well as physical grabbers. They seem to feel all around, and when they come upon a tiny flake of goldfish food



they quickly bring it forward to the complicated mouth, where it disappears.

In my childhood there was often hamburger around. Now we never seem to have it, so I went out that first night and found a worm for the crayfish. It was too soon after his anxiety-producing arrival, though, and the worm wafted away, right under the nose of the crayfish, never to be seen again. Our crayfish has been living on imported German fish food, just like our fish. (Christmas was a tiny minnow six months ago and now she is a real lunker, four and a half inches long.) We do have about 35 snails of all ages, and according to my research crayfish can blenderize and eat snails, including the shells, which are a good source of calcium. Crayfish also eat cast crayfish shells, or even live crayfish. They like insects, tadpoles, frogs, and plant matter including carrots. Some crayfish walk around on land in damp weather and some Tasmanian ones get to be quite big, weighing eight or nine pounds.

Our fish and our crayfish are an odd couple, a study in contrasts. One is so smooth, the other so pointy. One is sociable, the other wild and secretive. We have them and the 35 snails all in one small transparent box, going about their diverse aquatic businesses in harmony. I don't think the crayfish will ever pinch Christmas again, and I just wish people, starting with my children, could take a lesson here in cohabitative constancy.

— Bonner J. McAllester

J. OWEN

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HEAT WAVE

(Small Town Stories)

It is 87° at 7:30, but there's no sign of a thundershower. This dirty yellow weather has held for over a week. The dog Chaco lies chin-flat on the tile floor in the kitchen, shedding bodyheat. A woman, Monterrey, and her man, Pedro, sit before the remains of their supper. Monterrey stares at Pedro staring at his plate. He breaks an hour's silence.

"It's over, Monterrey. Where's the love gone?"

"Ah. At last you say what I've seen for weeks. Well, others still love me, even if you're done. Go, then, and take your precious notions with you." Silence again. Chaco shifts to his side, panting through the corner of his mouth against air so thick and still God's own shoulder couldn't move it.

Pedro polishes a few favored memories. "It *was* love once, a love like no other. Remember? They wanted to cross you yet again, one more black belt from shoulder straight to hip, your hills cut with passes, and for what? To get from Otis to K-Mart in fifteen flat? But no, we never let it happen. Remember us singing? Man! We sang that one right over the cliff and into the sea. Gone."

"Big deal."

"And then the bridge we made for you when they wanted to box your water in concrete, as if your own stones that held for a century were no longer good enough. Oh, I suffered for you then, and all the others too. We loved you better than you ever knew before." Pedro picks up from supper with a sigh. Chaco doesn't move. Monterrey has heard it all before; her nostrils flare, but she says nothing.

Pedro pours himself a Scotch, and Monterrey refills her own wineglass.

"Actions from the heart, Monterrey, and what do I get? You sell yourself over and over, till you're all pimply with lots. You let your farm fields grow up to brush, you let motorboats race across your lakes, your groundwater's —"

"It? I do these things!?" she flashes. "You snotnose!" Chaco's eye opens. He watches them without moving, alert if not alarmed. He too has heard this before.

"Yes, you! You think it's all our fault, that we don't do enough, but you love it, the way they climb all over you, paying out the big money just for the chance to get cozy. The way they pretty you up, you love it. You love all us husbands the same, eh? You love the way they lift your skin to insert pipes and wires? When they drill holes to suck your water, when they take a little earth from here and put it there, then smooth it over and pat it down, thinking, Ah, now she looks even better than before — you love that, too, don't you? Are these husbands really no different from the ones who lay up your stones by their homes, across your fields? The ones who take your trees singly, to make things that last, who knead and nourish the ground, making things grow — are we all the same to you, Monterrey?"

The tears run freely down her cheeks. "What can I do? Where can I go, Pedro? I am only here, where I have always been. I have no car! Whoever loves me, in whatever way they know, I must love them back the best I can. You men are too proud. You think you're my best husband? Ha! How long have we slept together — I mean since you stayed — twelve years? Before you I had husbands for a thousand times your time here. Twelve

thousand years we romped together, and they *never* cut me. We were equals. We were lovers. We were playmates, parents. They walked all over me and slid down my rivers. When it rained we both got wet."

Chaco gets up for a long, sloppy drink, then flops back down, once again chin-flat on the tile floor, eyes wide now, watching.

Sweat and tears mix on Pedro's face, too. "Monterrey. I wish I knew. I wish I knew. I get so tired. Babot remembers when no one really had a car, how they would walk to the Tea Room, not because someone conjured pride to push them there — the Best Tea Room in the Berkshires. I ♥ the Tea Room. No, none of that. There was the Tea Room, and they went there, that's all. If you liked coffee, well . . . Cappuccino might have been a stonemason. A family in Great Barrington, or Lee."

As their quarrel softens, Pedro and Monterrey move closer together, despite the heat. Now they are nose to nose. Their foreheads touch as they look down at the hands in their laps.

"I didn't have so many suitors then, Pedro."

"I know. There was less of everything — no, more! Life was simpler."

"Well, less cluttered maybe. I suppose simpler, yes. But not easy. You modern heartachers always think simple means easy."

"Never easy, never done, only sometimes fun, eh, Monterrey?"

"Like the weather. It will freeze next week."

"No, flood. You know, when I lived with Nueva Grande, in weather like this we would climb over the fence at night to swim naked in the city pool. There was nothing else we could do. We walked."

"Ah, you've had practice, then."

"I was young. I knew what was right."

"Then grow old with me, the best is yet to be."

"I think it's only the honeymoon that's over, Monterrey."

"It was fun, eh Pedro?"

"Yup."

Chaco, spreadeagled on his back to cool his belly, paws the air and whimpers awake from a dream. He sees the two of them quiet by the kitchen table. It's dark out now, and the temperature hasn't changed one degree. In the distance, the blink of heat lightning without a sound.

— Pedro Bodega



QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

*O . . . spring with willows by the stream,
Everything a-growin',
People all around just seem
Mighty wise and knowin' . . .*

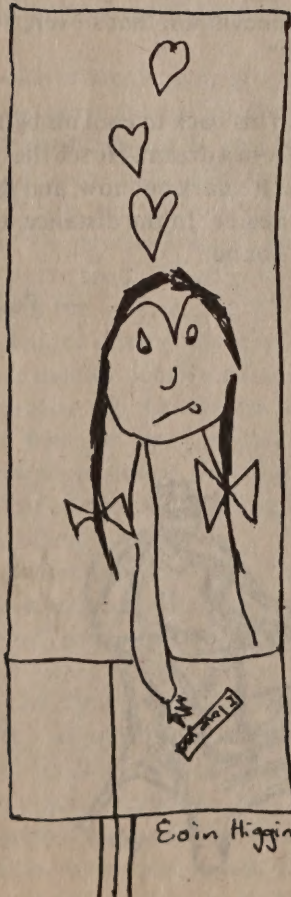
*Roses bloomin' later on,
Boy and Girl start talkin',
In the underbrush a fawn—
Smiles and keeps on walkin' . . .*

*Now it's August, Queen Anne's Lace
Grows beside the meadow,
Man asks Maid for change of pace,
Next month they'll be wed, O . . .*

— Sue Moody



ELEANOR KIMBERLEY



Eoin Higgins

Indian girl writing love
letter on birch bark



HUMMINGBIRD AT MY WINDOW

*Wee hummingbird outside my window
Poised in mid air like a helicopter,
Your tiny wings seem to whirl like a propeller;
So fast they go to hold you there, suspended,
As you probe into each blossom for sweet nectar.
Sometimes you leave the flowers and face my window.
Do you see me there or is it your reflection?
So short a time you linger, then off you dart
More quickly than you came
As my eyes try in vain to follow
Hoping you will lead me to your nest.
In only seconds you have vanished
And left me peering out my window
Eagerly watching for you to return.*

— Eleanor Kimberley

— Shayan — Sheep, Chickens, Barn



THAT IVORY SEASHORE

I am so full
of love and hate
caring and ill will
march hand in hand

separating the two
would be like
dividing all the grains of sand
into light and dark

accepting mixed motives
is like living up
to one's frailties
my soul is not like
a pure white beach

my mind is turmoil
I feel anger, fear and loathing
though most of my actions
are based on the spirit
of that ivory seashore.

— Tom Golden

HAIKU

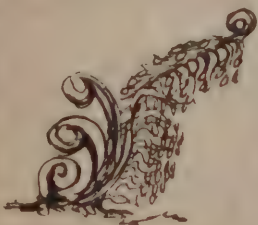
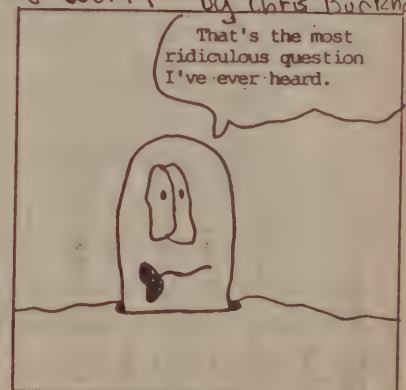
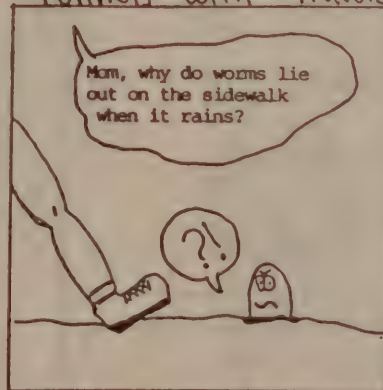
Early morning dew
sparkling for a span in time—
silently absorbed.

Alone in the pool
on a moonlit night, a star
fell next to my heart.

Through broken bottles
arise strokes of green and gold—
the roadside lilies.

— Ann M. LaVallee

Tunnels with Travers the Worm by Chris Buckhart





Monterey
by Leonard Weber

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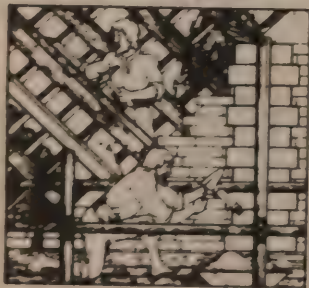
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SUSAN McALLESTER

The start of the adult Monterey Race on July 23



SUSAN McALLESTER

Kevin Clark of Tyringham, overall winner of fourth place in the children's race



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BEARTOWN FOREST

One of the delightful short walks in Beartown is to combine a circuit of Benedict Pond with a side trip up the Appalachian Trail to the rock ledges on the shoulder of Mt. Wilcox.

Park at the boat-ramp parking lot and stop right there to look out over one of the prettiest bodies of water in the Berkshires. Do it early in the morning, and you will have the impression of a wilderness pond: no people, no summer cottages, just you, water lilies, trees, sky and deep quiet. There may be a silent fisherman or two, fitting right into the scene.

Take the trail east along the edge of the pond, and every few yards you will get a different perspective of water, forest and surrounding hills. Notice the rounded oblong leaves of trailing arbutus close to the ground by the trail. It is also called May flower for the fragrant pink and white blossoms in early spring.

At the end of the pond the white markers of the Appalachian Trail come in from the right and you follow them around the east end. Board walks take you over the swampy places, and you come to a fire road and a stout bridge. Just over the bridge the white markers go off into the woods on the right, and you can imagine you are on your way from Georgia to Maine as you follow them. As you begin to climb you'll notice that the woods look thinned out down below you. That's where a fairly new beaver pond is being developed by those indefatigable engineers.

The trail gets steeper and the rocks get bigger. You bear left and climb by the side of an impressive ravine. In this rainy weather there is a fine froth of falling water on its way to the beaver pond, and when you get to the top you see it comes from another beaver pond. The trail dips down, to the right, and crosses the stream on a log foot bridge. If, before you cross the bridge, you go straight on, the few yards to the pond, you have an even wilder wilderness pond before you and a good chance to see the beavers. There are young ones in the beaver house right there on the bank. If you are really quiet you might see them, too.

Now, back to the log bridge and up the other side of the ravine, and you are on the shoulder of Mt. Wilcox and approach-

ing the ledges. On your left there are traces of a forest fire that brought Monterey's brigade up the mountain with heavy water-packs on their backs, a few years ago. Suddenly you come upon the ledges, and the Berkshires open out below you. You can see Lake Buel glimmering off to the left, and right in front of you is the sharp hump of Livermore Peak. Nathaniel Livermore did the first survey of the township and was one of the first proprietors of Monterey — very likely he's the one it is named for. The long ridge beyond Livermore, and to the right, is East Mountain, over which the trail goes on its way south and over which the skiers go at Butternut Ski Basin. Beyond that is Mt. Everett, which is partly in Connecticut and the highest point in that state.

Way off to the west, just visible from the ledges, are the Catskills. You are looking clear across the Hudson when you see those tall blue shapes.

The trail goes quite close to the fire tower at the highest point on Mt. Wilcox on its way north. It has a rocky time getting through Tyringham, and it crosses the Massachusetts Turnpike on a special footbridge. But we are going back to Benedict Pond, since we only planned a two-hour walk. Down at the fire road we continue west and watch for where the trail leaves the road and follows the margin of the pond again. There's a beautiful granite ledge, almost a cave, by the trail, with water dripping and attendant mosses and ferns. One year we found a wren nesting here.

As you get toward the west end of the pond you see some impressively big trees that were felled by beavers, long ago. This is the part of the pond with cattails, and there are half-grown Canada geese on maneuvers here in preparation for a long trip this fall. Just before you come to the campsites and the swimming beach, you will cross a very handsome brook with a gleaming sandy bottom. The overflow at the Benedict Pond dam is another spectacular part of this attractive and relatively easy walk, and then you are passing the beach and the carefully laid-out picnic spots that give each party a measure of seclusion and, usually, their own view of the pond. After that you are back at your car and trying to decide whether to just go around once more before you go home.

— David P. McAllester



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SUSAN McALLESTER



DAY CAMP ANNOUNCEMENT

Parents, Grandparents, Aunts and Uncles, from Ed and Tillie Mann, Directors, Camp Half Moon

After 66 years as a resident-only camp for boys, the Directors are pleased to announce a coed Day Camp Program for 1989.

The summer of 1988 ushered in an experimental program at Camp Half Moon as five day campers participated along with the resident campers in a full camp program. The results have been absolutely perfect, with every one of the five day campers finding an immediate round of friends and the fun of a well rounded day of sports, arts, pioneering, swimming and boating. (Tutoring is also available.)

The plan for 1989 anticipates a balance of resident and non-resident campers similar to the policy of the many local private schools. Registration is now well underway for 1989 with a modest target of just 30 girls and 20 boys. The lower number of boys is to assure a balance since the resident campers are all boys.

The difference between the Half Moon program and a day care or sports program lies in the large, well-equipped campus, the wide variety of programs, a large staff of 25 specialized counselors, a tutoring program, full-service facilities and complete medical services.

Visitors are always welcome, but one should call to make an appointment. Information is also available by mail; send to: Camp Half Moon, P. O. Box 188, Great Barrington, MA 01230.



SUSAN McALLESTER

Lanny Lanoue on Lake Garfield in his ocean shell



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PERSONAL NOTES

Hearty congratulations to John and Ann Pedersen Gazdik on the birth of their first child, a daughter, on June 6. Catherine Ann was born a healthy 8 lbs. 12 oz. Congratulations also to thrilled grandparents Alf and Lena Pedersen of Main Road.

Welcome back to Ann Higgins, who spent three weeks in July with her family in Ireland on the occasion of her brother's wedding. One-year-old Colm made the trip with Mom and met his relatives for the first time. It was a wonderful time for all. We welcome also Ann's sister and brother-in-law, Olwen and John Bissett, who will be spending the month of August in Monterey with the Higgins family.

Hats off to Doug Brown, Jennie Brown and Patrick McBride, who successfully completed all the course work and were awarded Advanced Lifesaving and Water Safety certificates by the Berkshire County Chapter of the American Red Cross. Good job!

Congratulations to Rachel Kleban, granddaughter of Bernard and Sylvia Kleban, who graduated in June from Orono High School in Maine with one of the ten highest four-year averages in her class. Rachel was one of the few accepted to all four of her top-choice schools, Harvard, Columbia, Brown, and Reed. Rachel chose Reed in Portland, Oregon, "because of its devotion to scholarship and high quality education." Like her father Peter Kleban, who is a professor of theoretical physics at the University of Maine in Orono, Rachel plans to major in physics. Peter attended the one-room schoolhouse in Monterey many years ago.

Congratulations to Julie Kotler, who paired with Steve Cohen of Egremont to win the mixed doubles tennis crown at Wyantenuck Country Club during the July 4 weekend. Julie is a 13-year-old ranking junior player in the eastern section of the United States Tennis Association.

Welcome back to Bob and Barbara Gauthier, who enjoyed a delightful two weeks at their cottage in York, Maine.

Congratulations to Anson Olds of Blue Hill Road on the release of his first album, *Safe to Dream*. The record, which he describes as "contemporary folk with a touch of bluegrass," was produced with the efforts of his parents, Storrs and Shirley Olds, also of Blue Hill Road. Anson was recently married to Emily Hyatt. It's an exciting time, and we wish them success.

Welcome back to David McAllester, who was a guest of the Soviet Union at a conference of U. S. and U. S. S. R. ethnomusicologists, held in Latvia, June 26-July 3. David, with five other U. S. delegates, met with Soviet ethnologists, folklorists, musicologists and composers from many different parts of the Soviet Union. He stayed on for another week, visiting Russian colleagues in Moscow and vacationing in Leningrad.

In March Warren "Bud" Candee was nominated by the company he's leased to in a nationwide "Owner Operator of the Year" contest. He's been with Refrigerated Foods Express for 25 years. He bought his Kenworth truck new in 1970 and has trucked over two million miles. Bud was placed 14th in the contest, which included 100 of the nation's best owner operators.

Any little news? Please jot it down and drop it by the General Store or in the mail to me. Or, you can give me a call, 528-4519, evenings. I appreciate your contributions!

— Stephanie Grotz



Bud Candee and truck

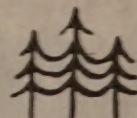
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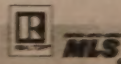


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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

My father, mother, and dear wife are all buried in the family plot in the Corashire cemetery in Monterey. As you may know, my father, affectionately known as "Pop" Courtney, kept the New England Keswick going through the Depression, the war years, and after, with his knowledge of building, plumbing, steam-fitting, and water power transmission. After over 40 years at Keswick he died in June, 1972, in the Great Barrington Nursing Home.

Unfortunately, my career has kept me from a closer association with Monterey . . . I may settle for a summer place up there, soon. If I can help you, please let me know. I spent many lovely summers up there . . . I knew Julius Miner, the Twings, Mr. and Mrs. Baines, the Kinnes, the Abercrombies, and many others.

My father was a direct descendant, on his mother's side, of Robert Moffat, D. D., author of the famous Moffat Bible and early missionary to Africa back in the first quarter of the 19th century. His daughter married Dr. David Livingston; she died in Africa, crossing the Kalahari Desert . . .

I guess religion was in my father's blood, which led to his long service at Keswick. So you see, my heart is up in Monterey. Many thanks; I just came across your April letter. If I can help more, let me know.

— Dr. Blaine H. Courtney

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CONSERVATION COMMISSION NEWS

The Conservation Commission met July 11 and held public hearings for two notices of intent for projects within the 100-foot buffer zone of a wetland. One was a house to be constructed on the east end of Lake Garfield, about 80 feet from the water on the manmade lagoon by the beaver pond. The other was a septic system for the United Church of Christ, to be installed between the front of the church and Route 23.

This system will be a "tight tank," or a holding tank to be pumped out regularly. It is to be fitted with an alarm system so that when it fills up to a certain level authorities will know it needs to be emptied. Tight tanks are frowned upon by Boards of Health and sanitary officials, but they are allowed when it is clear there is no other solution for the applicant. This is clearly the case with the church; members of the Conservation Commission were satisfied that the project is being well engineered.

The next meeting will be Monday, August 8, 7:30 p.m., in the Grange Hall.

— Bonner J. McAllester


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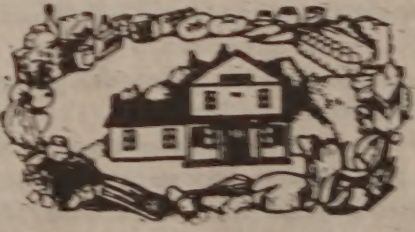


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SOVIET STUDENTS TO VISIT MONTEREY

A group of students from the Thorez Institute of Foreign Languages in Moscow will visit Monterey in the middle of September. This will be the 13th or 14th such group, all of whom have come to the U. S. A. as exchange students. An equal number of Americans from the State University of New York in Albany go to the U. S. S. R.

It is expected that the students will arrive late in the afternoon, and if possible we hope to have them at the Community supper in the Church basement.

— Bernie Kleban

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Four-inch ad (4" x 3 3/8")	10.00

Back cover ads are double the above prices. No classifieds on the back cover. Copy should reach the editor by the 20th of the month before publication. In general, we cannot run letters more than one column in length.

Drawings by David T. Balch, Maureen Banner, Chris Burkhart, Shaylan Burkhart, Eoin Higgins, and Bonner McAllester
Photographs by Eleanor Kimberley, Susan McAllester, Donald B. Victor



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